



Who am I?



👁 184 ✓ 17 ★ 20

Chapter 1 by Payton Barnett

I haven't heard a thing from my father in 9 years.

He hasn't bothered trying to contact me.

How can I be sure who I am if I don't know who he is?

Last night as I'm finishing my book, I figured out who he was by looking on facebook. He lives here in my hometown. Then again, he hasn't bothered to even see me. I almost hit the add friend button when I stop myself. He wouldn't want to see me. That's a stupid thing to even think.

This same week I've also lost 3 close friends of mine. They're still alive. They just don't talk to me anymore. I don't understand what I did wrong. They all left one at a time. All three saying they needed space and wanted something long term instead of short term. We didn't even date. That's why it doesn't make sense to me. Why leave a friend wondering what she did wrong?

My name is Courtney. I don't know who I am, but I do know my name.

Chapter 2 by R



A part of me thinks I have to be some horrible person. I mean, why else would everybody leave me if I wasn't something hideous? I mean, why would anybody abandon a good person, a good friend, a good daughter?

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That part of me stares back from the reflection in my computer screen. It's something in the way my eyes look that make me start to hate myself.

There's another part of me that suggests that it's *them* who are the horrible ones, but I know my friends and we were friends for a reason. I've stalked my dad a little on facebook, and he seems like a good person too. Perfect, exactly how Mom described him.

Maybe I'm cursed. Maybe no one can love me. Maybe the universe is conspiring against my ever being happy. Given what's happened that seems true.

My name is Courtney, and I don't know who I am. Am I horrible? Am I cursed? Why does everyone keep abandoning me? I scrawled those questions a million times over in notebooks, and the silence in my room never answered.

Maybe it was time to stop thinking, Courtney.

Maybe it was time to find out.

Chapter 3 by >ChocolateCookies<



I pack my bags as I mentally prepare for where my journey to find out who I am. My bus pass is in my hand, and I open up my umbrella and slip on some boots and slip out the door, into the pouring rain. I signal for a bus, bus 773, the one that will drop me off at 36 Portland Road, a few streets away from where my father lives.

Smoke and fog oozes out of the bus's wheels and it slides to a stop. I get in, flashing my card at a machine. My name is Courtney, but who am I?

I know one thing, I think, as I sit down in a seat, folding my umbrella up.

By tomorrow, I will know who I really am for once and for all.

Chapter 4 by ~Afraser~



I was now filled with a determination that I had never felt before. I have always known it was

somewhere deep inside me but I have never justified letting it out. Now is my time. The rain pitter patters on the windows of the bus. I am more nervous (nervous and excited). Honestly I didn't

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Before I knew it my stop was in sight. I stepped off the bus and started walking... straight up to my fathers door.

knock knock_knock

Chapter 5 by ms.poptart



It took a minute for him to answer. Once he opened the door, I saw him. He looked just like me, or me just like him. His brown hair and pale blue eyes were like staring in a mirror, but gender bent.

"Hi, David. I guess I'm your daughter." I say. I didn't call him daddy because he hasn't earned that label just yet.

"C-Courtney? Is that you?" He asks, his eyes turning wide.

I clear my throat and play with my fingers, a nervous habit of mine. "Yeah. C-Can I um, come in? I just want you to tell me some things and I'll be on my way." I finish saying. I felt like turning around and running, never looking back, leaving my future behind. But I didn't. I needed to know about myself. And more importantly, we he ever left. Also, I really needed to take a piss!

Chapter 6 by Payton Barnett



As I go inside, I realize we both like alot of the same things. We're both into rock and go karts. Guess that's where I get my passions from. We sit in the living room as I admire his home.

"What a nice home you have," I say very nervously.

"Yeah, it's holding up. Um, want a drink?"

Is he suggesting I drink beer? Is he an alcoholic?

"No, I'm good. Thanks for the offer," I reply.

He comes back to join me on the couch. Turns out he meant a can of Mountain Dew instead of

alcohol. Am I just trying to see the worst in him? After what seems like forever I finally speak up.

"So I came here to ask you a few questions, probably about you."

"Ask me anything. You have

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Should I ask him what I'm really wanting to know? Maybe I should just ask more about what he's like rather than get personal.

"Do you have a job?" I ask. It's one of the basic questions anyone on the streets would ask you. "No I don't. I had knee surgery a while back and had to file for disability."

Wow. I figured he worked at some fancy bank. After realizing how dumb of a question that was, I couldn't hold back anymore. I needed answers. Answers to why I had to grow up without a father.

"Why did you leave us?" I blurt out.

He took this by surprise. He lowered his head and said, "I didn't want to leave. Your mother made me after-"

"After what? After you gave up on taking care of us? After you stayed out half the night with other women?"

"No it wasn't like that. Your mother made me leave after I got in a serious racing accident. I wasn't able to move for a while and she thought it would be better if she didn't have to take care of me and you at the same time. So I packed up and left. I went on my own. I wrote letters to you, but I never sent them. Figured your mother would hide them from you if I did. I'm sorry I haven't tried to contact you. I realize I can't make up for lost years, but I can at least try to make the remaining ones better. That is, if you'll let me."

At this point I was in tears. I was crying in front of this man. How could I know if this is true? I'd like to believe him. If he was as perfect as mom had described, why would she throw him out? I excused myself and left. I couldn't deal with this anymore today. I needed a break. Needed something to help me figure this all out. The go kart track. That's where I always go to clear my mind or think things through. I hopped on a bus and went straight there.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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